

## Van Diemen's Land

Steeleye Span

I am a girl from England, Susan Summers is me name  
For fourteen years transported, was for taking of some game  
As for us wretched females, we never see a man  
Though there's twenty to one woman on Van Diemen's Land

There's poor Tom Brown from Nottingham, Jack Williams and poor  
Joe  
They were all daring poachers as the country well does know  
At night they were trap-ended by the keepers out of hand  
For fourteen years transported to Van Diemen's Land

When we set sail from England, we landed in the bay  
We had rotten straw for bedding, we dare not to say 'nay'  
Our cots were fenced with wire, we slumber when we can  
To drive away the wolves upon Van Diemen's Land

Come all you gallant poachers, give ear unto me song  
It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long  
Lay by your dog and snare, to you I do speak plain  
If you knew the hardships, you'd never poach again

The first day we landed upon that fatal shore  
The planters they came flocking round, twenty score and more  
They dragged the men like horses and sold them out of hand  
And yoked 'em to the plough all on Van Diemen's Land

Sometimes when I'm sleeping, I have a pleasant dream  
With me dear one I'm sitting down by some pearling stream  
With me friends telling stories, around me they all stand  
But I wake up broken hearted on Van Diemen's Land  
Come all you gallant poachers, give ear unto me song  
It is a bit of good advice, although it is not long  
Lay by your dog and snare, to you I do speak plain  
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God bless our families, likewise that happy shore  
That isle of sweet contentment, that we shall see no more  
For a planter's bought me freedom, he's married me out of hand  
Good usage then I'll give him on Van Diemen's Land